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Of the Darkness

horror

action

darkhumor

57 11 7

Chapter 1 by Russell soup

All I could think to do now is run as fast as I could. I don't even care if I'm going the right way. The world is ending and I caused it. All because of that stupid rock. As I was running, I felt a giant amount of pain erupt from my wrist. I smashed against one of the ever moving walls of this maze. Screaming, I fell to the ground clutching my wrist which was now completely pulverized. It felt like a bag of marbles. I looked behind me to see that one of the walls where I was just running had closed and I had some time to lay down and cry. Pain enveloped me and I blacked out.

Chapter 2 by Annie Sulpizio



I wake up to a modern looking room. It was decent size, bigger than the one at home. I can't remember anything that had happened. I'm in the same clothes as the day before, covered with blood on my chest. I crawl out of the bed I was in. I try to stand on both two feet, but immediate pain throbs my foot. I fall to the floor, the tile cold to my bare skin. I hear myself cry in pain. I look to see someone walk past the door of the room. They stop at the frame of the, obviously they also heard cry. It's a man. His hair is a pale blonde. His shirt is white, showing his muscular

biceps. We meet eye to eye for a split second. "Luke!" A voice in the distance calls him. He looks the way the voice came. Luke takes a step forward, turning away from the door.

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I was completely confused. Where was I? Looking around I could see cold metal furniture and white painted walls... no window. With a wince, I limped carefully over to the door and peered through the slot the man... Luke? Had looked through. No one was there... just a big empty hallway... a big empty hallway lined with doors... all marked with biohazard signs on them... "What's going on... and where on earth am I?"

"Not on earth." A man's voice, Luke was back. "Welcome to lab 100195 of the outer dimension."

Chapter 4 by Ethan Wait



"Woah. Cool," I say. I don't really give a crap. I am just wanting a large stack of waffles. "You got some waffles?" I ask. I am greeted with a frown, along with a large stack of waffles. Life is good.

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